

CD 2000 -- 46

University of Toronto Faculty of Music
Thursday Noon Series Music and Poetry
16 March 2000 at 12:10 PM
Walter Hall

Programme

Such a Curious Earth: Themes in Emily Dickinson's Poetry

Prof. Eric Domville

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from **Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson** (1950)

Aaron Copland
(1900-1990)

Nature, the gentlest mother
Why do they shut me out of Heaven?
Heart, we will forget him
Dear March, come in!
I've heard an organ talk sometimes
Going to Heaven!
The Chariot

Vilma Indra Vitols- mezzo
John Hawkins- piano

.....

Five songs from **Happy End** (1929)
(texts by **Bertolt Brecht**)

Kurt Weill
(1900-1950)

Bilbao Song
The Sailors' Tango
Surabaya-Johnny
Ballad of the Lily of Hell
Song of the Big Shot

Vilma Indra Vitols- mezzo
Wallace Halladay- soprano & alto saxophones & clarinet
Shannah Nachoff- tenor & baritone saxophones
Brian Vincent- trumpet
Ryan Purchase- trombone
Mathew Peters- guitar & banjo
David Carovillano- accordion
Dylan Benson- percussion
John Hawkins- piano/conductor

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Upcoming concerts:

Friday, April 7, 8 PM, Walter Hall: Faculty Artist Series -Bob Becker and Friends with percussionists John Rudolph, Christopher Norton, Russell Hartenberger, Robin Engelman, Ryan Scott, flutist Kathleen Rudolph, soprano Barbara Hannigan and pianist John Hawkins. Programme to include the first performance of Becker's **Never in Word (poem by Conrad Aiken).*

** Friday, May 12, 8 PM, Walter Hall: Music by Erik Ross. Programme to include **The Garden Going On Without Us**, a song cycle on poems by Lorna Crozier, and **The Rising Fire**, on poems by Gwendolyn MacEwen.*

Vilma Indra Vitols

Mezzo-soprano **Vilma Indra Vitols** holds a Master's degree in philosophy and is a graduate of the University of Toronto's Opera Division. Her operatic credits include the title roles in **Carmen** and **Iolanthe**, Nancy in **Albert Herring**, and Cherubino in **The Marriage of Figaro**. She has been a featured soloist with Toronto Operetta Theatre and will be performing the role of "Hansel" in the Canadian Opera Company's upcoming school tour. Vilma has been alto soloist in many oratorios, including Bach's **St. John Passion**, Handel's **Messiah**, Haydn's **Lord Nelson Mass**, and the **Requiems** of Mozart and Duruflé. Other performance credits include a starring role as "the Vamp" in a short film for BRAVO! called **Divine Comedy** and "the Devil" in Stravinsky's **The Soldier's Tale** with The Friends of Gravity. As the First Prize winner at the 22nd Annual Eckhardt-Gramatté National Music Competition for Voice 1999, Ms. Vitols recently completed a recital tour across Canada on which she premiered **Fair Weather**, a song written for her by John Hawkins.

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Details regarding the 2000-2001 **Music and Poetry** series will be published in the Faculty of Music **NOTES** brochure, available during the summer.

Poems of Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)

Nature. the gentlest mother

Nature the gentlest mother
 Impatient of no child
 The feeblest or the waywardest.
 Her admonition mild

In forest and the hill
 By traveler is heard
 Restraining rampant squirrel
 Or too impetuous bird.

How fair her conversation
 A summer afternoon.
 Her household, her assembly
 And when the sun goes down

Her voice among the aisles
 Incites the timid prayer
 Of the minutest cricket
 The most unworthy flower.

When all the children sleep,
 She turns as long away
 As will suffice to light her lamps.
 Then bending from the sky,

With infinite affection
 And infiniter care
 Her golden finger on her lip
 Wills silence ev'rywhere.

Why do they shut me out of heaven?

Why do they shut me out of Heaven
 Did I sing too loud?
 But I can sing a little minor,
 Timid as a bird.

Wouldn't the angels try me
 Just once more
 Just see if I troubled them
 But don't shut the door.

Oh if I were the gentlemen
 In the white robes
 And they were the little hand that knocked,
 Could I forbid?

Heart. we will forget him

Heart, we will forget him
 You and I, tonight.
 You may forget the warmth he gave.
 I will forget the light.

When you have done, pray tell me,
 That I my thoughts may dim.
 Haste, lest while you're lagging,
 I may remember him.

Dear March come in

Dear March come in
 How glad I am
 I looked for you before.
 Put down your hat
 You must have walked
 How out of breath you are.
 Dear March, how are you? And the rest?
 Did you leave Nature well?
 Oh, March come right upstairs with me
 I have so much to tell.

I got your letter and the bird's
 The maples never knew that you were coming,
 I declare, how red their faces grew,
 But March forgive me.
 And all those hills you left for me to hue,
 There was no purple suitable,
 You took it all with you.

Who knocks? That April?
 Lock the door,
 I will not be pursued.
 He stayed away a year,
 To call when I am occupied.
 But trifles look so trivial
 As soon as you have come

And blame is just as dear as praise
 And praise as mere as blame.

I've heard an organ talk sometimes

I've heard an organ talk sometimes
 In a cathedral aisle
 And understood no word it said.
 Yet held my breath the while

And risen up and gone away,
 A more Bernardine girl
 And know not what was done to me
 In that old hallowed aisle.

Going to Heaven!

Going to Heaven!
 I don't know when
 Pray do not ask me how
 Indeed I'm too astonished
 To think of answering you.
 Going to Heaven!
 How dim it sounds.
 And yet it will be done
 As sure as flocks go home at night
 Unto the shepherd's arm!

Perhaps you're going too!
 Who knows?
 If you should get there first
 Save just a little place for me,
 Close to the two I lost.
 The smallest 'robe' will fit me
 And just a bit of 'crown'
 For you know we do not mind our dress
 When we are going home.

Going to Heaven!
 I'm glad I don't believe it
 For it would stop my breath
 And I'd like to look a little more
 At such a curious earth.
 I am glad they did believe it
 Whom I have never found
 Since the mighty autumn afternoon
 I left them in the ground.

The Chariot

Because I would not stop for Death
He kindly stopped for me.
The carriage held but just ourselves
And Immortality.

We slowly drove, he knew no haste
And I had put away
My labour and my leisure too,
For his civility.

We passed the school where children played,
Their lessons scarcely done.
We passed the fields of gazing grain
We passed the setting sun.

We paused before a house that seemed
A swelling of the ground.
The roof was scarcely visible,
The cornice but a mound.

Since then 'tis centuries, but each
Feels shorter than the day
I first surmised the horses' heads
Were towards eternity.

Excerpts from **Happy End**

Following the 1928 Berlin success of **The Threepenny Opera**, producer Ernst Joseph Aufrecht persuaded Kurt Weill and Bertolt Brecht (1898-1956) to collaborate on a sequel. Eventually they settled on a love-story involving a Salvation Army worker (Lilian Holiday) and a gangster (Bill Cracker). Critics have not failed to notice that the story line bears a certain resemblance to the plot of George Bernard Shaw's **Major Barbara** (1907) as well as to the short story **The Idyll of Sarah Brown** by Damon Runyon. (The latter provided the source for the 1950 musical **Guys and Dolls** by Frank Loesser.) Lukewarm about the project from the beginning, Brecht later disowned the play, and credited the hastily conceived script to a non-existent Dorothy Lane, story writer for a non-existent American magazine.

The action takes place in a mythical Chicago of 1919. Act I is set in a beer-hall hangout where Bill Cracker's gang is planning a bank robbery. (**Bilbao Song**) A group from the Salvation Army marches in, led by Lieutenant Lilian Holiday. She delivers a stern lecture on the evils of vice and crime. However, left alone with Bill, and after a few drinks, she reveals another side of her nature. (**The Sailor's Tango**) Lilian is unaware that some members of the Army have returned during her song. Her drunken behaviour and coarse language shock the Major.

In Act II, Lilian is dismissed from the Army and Bill has a falling-out with his gang. The two outcasts are drawn together in Act III when Bill is completely overwhelmed by Lilian's rendering of a torch song. (**Surabaya-Johnny**) The Fly, making her first appearance as the gang's mysterious ringleader, proclaims her hard-boiled philosophy. (**The Ballad of the Lily of Hell**) At the "happy end", the Army and the gang join forces in the belief that it is a greater crime to own a bank than it is to rob one- an obvious Brechtian-Marxist conceit. Bill outlines the gang's street wisdom in a fox trot number. (**Song of the Big Shot**)

Bilbao-Song

Bills Ballhaus in Bilbao
war das schönste auf dem ganzen Kontinent.
Dort gab's für einen Dollar Krach und Wonne
und was die Welt ihr Eigen nennt.
Aber wenn Sie da hereingekommen wären,
ich weiß nicht, ob Ihnen so was grad gefällt.

Ach! Brandylachen waren, wo man saß,
auf dem Tanzboden wuchs das Gras,
und der grüne Mond schien durch das Dach.
'ne Musik gab's da, da wurde was geboten
für sein Geld!

Joe, mach die Musik von damals nach!
Alter Bilbaomond,
wo noch die Liebe lohnt...
's ist doll mit dem Text!
Lang, lang ist's her.
Ich weiß ja nicht, ob Ihnen so was
grad gefällt,
doch: es war das Schönste auf der Welt.

Bills Ballhaus in Bilbao...
an 'nem Tag gen Ende Mai im Jahre acht,
da kamen vier aus Frisko mit 'nem Geldsack,
die haben damals mit uns was gemacht.
Aber wenn Sie da dabeigewesen wären,
ich weiß nicht, ob Ihnen so was grad gefällt.
Ach! Brandylachen waren, wo man saß,
auf dem Tanzboden wuchs das Gras,
und der grüne Mond schien durch das Dach,
und vier Herren konnten Sie mit ihren

Bilbao Song

Bill's beerhall in Bilbao
was the most fantastic place I've ever known.
For just a dollar you'd get all you wanted
of whatever kind of joy you called your own.
But if you had been around to join the fun,
well, I don't know if you'd have liked what
you'd have seen.

The stools at the bar were damp with rye, on the
dance floor the grass grew high, through the roof
the moon was shining green, and the music really
gave you some return on what you paid!

Hey Joe, play that old song they always played!
That old Bilbao moon!
Down where we used to go...
Who remembers the words?
It's too long ago!
I don't know if it would have brought you
joy or grief,
but it was fantastic beyond belief!

Bill's beerhall in Bilbao...
Came a day the end of May in Nineteeneight.
Four guys from Frisco came with sacks of gold
dust, and the time they showed us all was really
great! But if you had been around to watch the
fun, well, I don't know if you'd have liked what
you'd have seen. The brandy bottles smashing
everywhere and the chairs flying through the air,
through the roof the moon still shining green.
And those four guys all going crazy with their

Brownings schießen hör'n.
Sind Sie 'n Held? Na, dann machen Sie's
mal nach!

Alter Bilbaomond,
wo noch die Liebe lohnt...
Ich kann den Text nicht mehr,
's ist schon zu lange her.
Ich weiß ja nicht, ob Ihnen so was
grad gefällt,
doch: es war das Schönste auf der Welt.

Bills Ballhaus in Bilbao...
Heute ist renoviert so auf dezent
mit Palme und mit Icecream, ganz gewöhnlich
wie ein anderes Établissement.
Aber wenn Sie jetzt hereingesegelt kämen,
's ist ja möglich, daß es Ihnen so gefällt. Spaß!
Auf dem Tanzboden wächst kein Gras,
und der Brandy ist auch nicht mehr das.
Und der grüne Mond ist abbestellt.
'ne Musik machen sie, da kann man sich nur
schämen für sein Geld.

Geh Joe, mach die Musik von damals nach!
Alter Bilbaomond,
das hab ich oft betont,
ich hab Sie nie geschont...
Na, das ist ja der Text!

Verzeihung, 's ist zu lange her.
Alter Bilbaomond...
Ich weiß ja nicht, ob Ihnen so was
grad gefällt,
doch: es war das Schönste auf der Welt.

Es ist zu lange her...!

pistols blazing high! Think you can stop 'em?
Well, go right ahead and try!

That old Bilbao Moon!
Down where we used to go...
Can't remember the words...
Something with "love" in it...
I don't know if it would have brought you
joy or grief,
but it was fantastic beyond belief!

Bill's beerhall in Bilbao...
Now they've cleaned it up and made it middle
class, with potted palms and ice-cream, very
bourgeois...just another place to put your ass! But
if you should come around to see the fun, well, I
Don't know, you might not find it such a strain.
Huh! They've mopped up all the booze and
broken glass, on parquet floors you can't grow
grass, they've shut the green moon out because of
rain, and the music makes you cringe now, when
you think of what you paid!

Hey Joe, play that old song they always played!
That old Bilbao Moon!
Casting its golden glow,
Love never laid me low...
Hey, here's the text!

I'm sorry, it's too long ago.
That old Bilbao Moon!
I don't know if it would have brought you
joy or grief,
but it was fantastic beyond belief!

It's too long ago...!

Der Matrosen-Song **(Was die Herren Matrosen sagen)**

Hallo, jetzt fahren wir nach Birma hinüber.
Whisky haben wir ja noch genügend dabei,
und Zigarren rauchen wir "Henry Clay",
und die Mädels sind mir ja auch schon über.
Na, da sind wir eben jetzt so frei.
Na, da sind wir eben jetzt so frei.
Denn andere Zigarren, die rauchen wir nicht,
und weiter wie Birma reicht dem Kasten der
Rauch nicht,
und einen lieben Gott, den brauchen wir nicht,
und einen Anstand, den brauchen wir auch nicht.
Na also, Good-bye!
Und das segelt so hin, und das kommt auch mal an,
und ein lieber Gott läßt sich nicht blicken,
und dem lieben Gott, dem liegt vielleicht auch
gar nichts daran,

The Sailors' Tango

Hey there, we're sailing off to Burma this evening,
with enough good scotch on board to float all the
way plus a crate of great cigars: "Henry Clay", had
it up to here with girls, so we're leaving.
'Cause it's time to start a brand new day.
Yes, it's time to start a brand new day.
Now we don't ever smoke other brands of cigars,
and this leaky tub will barely get us to Burma,

and we don't need that God who's up there in the stars,
and we don't need all his laws on terra firma.
So all right, good bye!
And the ship sails away, and it may reach Rangoon,
and as for God, well, we don't get him,
and it may be that God feels just the same
about us,

und wenn, na dann muß er sich drein schicken.
 Na also, Good-bye!
 Mit "Mensch, bei mir nicht" und "Na wat denn,
 Mein Sohn",
 und fehlt's wo, dann laß mich's mal wissen.
 Und 'ne feinere Regung nicht um 'ne Million!
 Da wird eben auf alles geschissen!
 Ja, das Meer ist blau, so blau,
 und das geht alles seinen Gang,
 und wenn die Chose aus ist,
 dann fängt's von vorne an.
 Ja, das Meer ist blau, so blau,
 und das geht ja auch noch lang.
 Ja, das Meer ist blau, so blau,
 das Meer ist blau.

Hallo, da könnten wir zum Beispiel mal ins
 Kino gehn.
 Das kostet Geld! - das hat doch kein Gewicht!
 Ja, graue Haare wachsen lassen wir uns nicht.
 Leute wie wir, die müssen sich auch mal
 amüsieren,
 denn für uns, da gibt es keine Pflicht;
 denn für sie, da gibt es keine Pflicht.
 Zigarren unter fünf Cents, die rauchen
 wir nicht,
 und Schwarzbrot verträgt doch ihr Bauch nicht.
 Und für's andere sorgen, das brauchen sie nicht,
 und mal in sich gehen, brauchen sie auch nicht.
 Das hat sein Gewicht.
 Und das lebt so dahin, und das stellt so was an,
 und ein lieber Gott läßt sich nicht blicken,
 und dem lieben Gott, dem liegt vielleicht auch
 gar nichts daran,
 und wenn, dann muß er sich drein schicken.
 Ja, warum denn nicht!
 Mit "Mensch, bei mir nicht" und "Na wat denn,
 mein Sohn",
 und fehlt's wo, dann laß mich's mal wissen,
 und 'ne feinere Regung nicht um 'ne Million!
 Da wird eb'n auf alles geschissen!
 Ja, das Meer ist blau, so blau,
 und das geht alles seinen Gang,
 und wenn die Chose aus ist
 dann fängt's von vorne an.
 Ja, das Meer ist blau, so blau
 und das geht ja auch noch lang.
 Ja, das Meer ist blau, so blau,
 das Meer ist blau.

Jetzt braucht da nur einmal ein Sturm
 zu kommen.
 Na ja, da ist ja schon das Dock von Birma.
 Halt du, das ist doch nur 'ne schwarze
 Wolkenwand!
 Mensch!...und die Wellen, 's ist ja allerhand!
 Mensch, das verschlingt uns ja die ganze Firma!

so let's hope he doesn't let it upset him.
 And all right, good-bye!
 We're off on the sea and it's "Who gives
 a damn?"
 Life's perfect, 'cause nothing is missing. And your
 dreams of glory? Just take 'em and scram! The
 whole world's our pot and we're pissing!
 Ah, the sea is blue, so blue,
 and all the world goes on its way,
 and when the day is over,
 we start another day.
 Ah, the sea is blue, so blue,
 and that's how it's gonna stay.
 Ah, the sea is blue, so blue,
 the sea is blue.

Hey there, we might go to a movie if you
 want to.
 They'll make us pay, we don't care, me and you.
 We won't grow our grey hairs, not until they're due.
 People like us are entitled to have a bit of
 fun, too, 'cause there's not a thing we have to do,
 no, there's not a thing we have to do. Now, we
 never smoke cigars that cost less than five cents,
 and that cheap black bread gives us indigestion,
 and we don't give a damn what makes other guys
 tense, and as for soul-searching there's just no
 question: That's not why we're here! And our life
 sails away, and who knows how it ends? And as for
 God, well, let's forget him. And it may be that
 God feels just the same about us, so let's hope he
 won't let it upset him. Yeah, why should he care?
 Our lives are our own and we don't give a damn.
 Life's perfect 'cause nothing is missing. And your
 dreams of glory? Just take 'em and scram! The
 whole world's our pot and we're pissing!

Ah, the sea is blue, so blue,
 and all the world goes on its way,
 and when the day is over,
 we start another day.
 Ah, the sea is blue, so blue,
 and that's how it's gonna stay.
 Ah, the sea is blue, so blue,
 the sea is blue.

Now all we need is for a storm to blow up.
 Relax, there's the docks of Rangoon up ahead.
 Hey wait, that's just a bank of black clouds
 in the air!
 Jesus...and the waves are going crazy out there!
 Jesus, in a minute the whole lot of us will be dead!

Ja, da sind wir ja jetzt glatt am Rand,
ja, da sind wir eben jetzt am Rand.
Bald sinkt das Schiff zu Grund, das Meer
geht drüber,
und die versunken sind, sieht nur der Hai
im See.
Da hilft kein Whisky mehr und keine
"Henry Clay".
Wo's jetzt hingeht, da geht kein Mädchen mehr
mit rüber.
Ja, da heißt's auf einmal jetzt "Good-bye!"
Und das Wasser, das steigt, und das Schiff,
das versinkt,
und ein rettender Strand läßt sich nicht blicken.
Nur ein Schiff, das nicht schwimmt,
nur ein Strand, der nicht winkt,
na, da muß ein jeder sich drein schicken.
Na also, Good-bye!
da hört man auf einmal keine großen
Reden mehr,
da sind sie auf einmal alle ganz klein.
Da plappern sie plötzlich alle ein Vater unser
her,
da will's plötzlich keiner mehr gewesen sein.
Denn jetzt ist's vorbei, und jetzt will ich euch
mal was sagen: das kennen wir schon!
Da wird ein Leben lang das Maul aufgerissen,
und steht so was dann vor Gottes Thron,
dann wird in die Hosen geschissen.

Ja, das Meer ist blau, so blau
und das geht alles seinen Gang.
Nur wenn die Chose aus ist,
Fängt's nicht von vorne an.
Ja, das Meer ist blau, so blau,
und das geht ja auch noch lang.
Ja, das Meer ist blau, so blau,
das Meer ist blau.

Das lied vom Surabaya-Johnny

Ich war jung, Gott, erst sechzehn Jahre.
Du kamest von Birma herauf.
Du sagtest, ich solle mit dir gehen,
du kämest für alles auf.
Ich fragte nach deiner Stellung.
Du sagtest, so wahr ich hier steh',
du hättest zu tun mit der Eisenbahn
und nichts zu tun mit der See.
Du sagtest viel, Johnny,
kein Wort war wahr, Johnny.
Du hast mich betrogen, Johnny,
zur ersten Stund!
Ich hasse dich so, Johnny,
wie du da stehst und grinst, Johnny.
Nimm doch die Pfeife aus dem Maul, du Hund!

Well, we knew we'd have to die somewhere,
yeah, we knew we'd have to die somewhere.
Down goes the ship and soon the sea washes
over.
Nothing but sharks down there to show a
drowned man the way.
Scotch is no use to them or crates of
"Henry Clay".
Where they're going there are no girls who
need a lover.
They won't ever see another day!
And the water comes up and the ship's going
down,
And as for a harbour, we don't get one.
Just a wreck of a ship and a glimpse of a shore,
but of course, one can't let it upset one.
So all right, good bye!
Then for once, you don't hear all that big
talk in the air,
and the big talkers suddenly look smaller.
And they're down on their knees and
mumbling about their Father who's up there,
and they're starting to weigh the sins their souls
must bear,
and that's how they die. And now let me tell
you a fact that we all ought to know:
When you stand before the throne where our
Lord is sitting,
you may have been bragging a lifetime or so,
but now, when it matters, you're shitting.
Ah, the sea is blue, so blue,
and all the world goes on its way.
But when your day is over,
there is no other day.
Ah, the sea is blue, so blue,
You don't have that long to stay.
Ah, the sea is blue, so blue,
the sea is blue.

Surabaya-Johnny

I had just turned sixteen that season
when you came up from Burma to stay.
And you told me I ought to travel with you,
you were sure it would be okay.
When I asked how you earned your living
I can still hear what you said to me:
you had some kind of job with the railway
and had nothing to do with the sea.
You said a lot, Johnny,
all one big lie, Johnny.
You cheated me blind, Johnny,
from the minute we met.
I hate you so, Johnny,
when you stand there grinning, Johnny.
Take that damn pipe out of your mouth, you rat!

Surabaya-Johnny, warum bist du so roh?
 Surabaya-Johnny, mein Gott,
 und ich liebe dich so!
 Surabaya-Johnny, warum bin ich
 nicht froh?
 Du hast kein Herz, Johnny, und ich liebe
 dich so!

Zuerst war es immer Sonntag.
 Das war, bis ich mitging mit dir.
 Aber dann, schon nach zwei Wochen,
 war dir nichts mehr recht an mir.
 Hinauf und hinab durch den Pandschab,
 den Fluß entlang bis zur See:
 ich sehe schon aus im Spiegel
 wie eine Vierzigjährige.
 Du wolltest nicht Liebe, Johnny,
 du wolltest Geld, Johnny,
 ich aber sah, Johnny,
 nur auf deinen Mund.
 Du verlangtest alles, Johnny.
 Ich gab dir mehr, Johnny.
 Nimm doch die Pfeife aus dem Maul, du Hund!
 Surabaya-Johnny, warum bist du so roh?
 Surabaya-Johnny, mein Gott,
 und ich liebe dich so!
 Surabaya-Johnny, warum bin ich
 nicht froh?
 Du hast kein Herz, Johnny, und ich liebe
 dich so!

Ich habe es nicht beachtet,
 warum du den Namen hast.
 Doch an der ganzen langen Küste
 warst du ein bekannter Gast.
 Eines Morgens, in einem Six-Pence-Bett,
 werd' ich donnern hören die See;
 und du gehst, ohne etwas zu sagen,
 und ein Schiff liegt unten am Kai.
 Du hast kein Herz, Johnny.
 Du bist ein Schuft, Johnny.
 Du gehst jetzt weg, Johnny,
 sag mir den Grund!
 Ich liebe dich doch, Johnny,
 wie am ersten Tag, Johnny.
 Nimm doch die Pfeife aus dem Maul, du Hund!
 Surabaya-Johnny, warum bist du so roh?
 Surabaya-Johnny, mein Gott,
 und ich liebe dich so!
 Surabaya-Johnny, warum bin ich nicht
 froh?
 Du hast kein Herz, Johnny, und ich liebe
 dich so!

Surabaya-Johnny, no one's meaner than you.
 Surabaya-Johnny, my God, and I still love
 you so!
 Surabaya-Johnny, why'm I feeling so blue?
 You have no heart, Johnny, and I still love
 you so!

At the start every day was Sunday,
 till we went on our way one fine night.
 And before two more weeks were over,
 you thought nothing I did was right.
 So we trekked up and down through the Punjab,
 from the source of the river to the sea:
 When I look at my face in the mirror,
 There's an old woman staring back at me.
 You didn't want love, Johnny,
 you wanted cash, Johnny,
 but I saw your lips, Johnny,
 and that was that.
 You wanted it all, Johnny.
 I gave you more, Johnny.
 Take that damn pipe out of your mouth, you rat!
 Surabaya-Johnny, no one's meaner than you.
 Surabaya-Johnny, my God, and I still love
 you so!
 Surabaya-Johnny, why'm I feeling so blue?
 You have no heart, Johnny, and I still love
 you so!

I would never have thought of asking
 where you got that peculiar name,
 but from one end of the coast to the other
 you were known everywhere we came.
 And one day in a two-bit flophouse,
 I'll wake up to the roar of the sea;
 and you'll leave without one word of warning,
 on the ship waiting down at the key.
 You have no heart, Johnny,
 you're just a louse, Johnny.
 How can you go, Johnny,
 and leave me flat!
 You're still my love, Johnny,
 like the day we met, Johnny.
 Take that damn pipe out of your mouth, you rat!
 Surabaya-Johnny, no one's meaner than you.
 Surabaya-Johnny, my God, and I still love
 you so!
 Surabaya-Johnny, why'm I feeling so blue?
 You have no heart, Johnny, and I still love
 you so!

Die Ballade von der Höllen-Lili

Wenn ich in der Hölle brenne,
wer sich davon was verspricht,
ob nun 'ne besoffne Henne
mehr verbrannt wird oder nicht,
ob nun 'ne besoffne Henne
mehr verbrannt wird oder nicht,
wenn ich in der Hölle brenne,
wer sich davon was verspricht,
kurz und schlicht:

Schließlich ist das doch erst morgen,
morgen, das sind keine Sorgen,
morgen interessiert mich nicht,
und mit morgen könnt ihr mich...

Ein Rat für morgen ist kein Rat,
jeder bereut morgen, was er heute tat,
jeder verreckt daran früh oder spät.
Doch um wen ist es schon schad?
Und mit morgen könnt ihr mich...

Aber solltet ihr jetzt meinen,
daß ihr für mich zu viel tut,
könnt' es vielleicht nur so scheinen,
und mir geht es gar nicht gut,
könnt' es vielleicht nur so scheinen,
und mir geht es gar nicht gut,
aber solltet ihr jetzt meinen,
daß ihr für mich zu viel tut,
kurz und schlicht:

Macht euch da nur keine Sorgen,
glaubt nur, ihr besorgt mir's morgen,
doch, das interessiert mich nicht,
und mit morgen könnt ihr mich...

Ein Rat für morgen ist kein Rat,
jeder bereut morgen, was er heute tat,
jeder verreckt daran früh oder spät.
Doch um wen ist es schon schad?
Und mit morgen kann man dich...

Wenn ich meine Spesen nenne
vor dem ewigen Gericht,
fragt sich's, ob ich dann noch brenne,
vielleicht brenne ich auch nicht,
fragt sich's, ob ich dann noch brenne,
vielleicht brenne ich auch nicht,
wenn ich meine Spesen nenne
vor dem ewigen Gericht,
kurz und schlicht:

Wie gesagt, das ist erst morgen,
morgen, das sind keine Sorgen,

Ballad of the Lily of Hell

You guys may not be inclined
to worry if I go to Hell,
if a chicken soaked in wine
will cook to medium or well,
if a chicken soaked in wine
will cook to medium or well,
you guys may not be inclined
to worry if I go to Hell.
Get this straight:

That's a problem for tomorrow,
I don't need to borrow sorrow.
Tomorrow's nothing, to be blunt.
You can shove it where you want!

Tips on tomorrow never pay,
tomorrow you'll regret what you did today,
and soon enough you'll burn for it as well.
So who gives a hoot in Hell?
Shove tomorrow where you want!

Now I bet you guys are thinking
I want you to be concerned,
catch me when you see me sinking,
save me so I don't get burned,
catch me when you see me sinking,
save me so I don't get burned,
Yeah, I bet you guys are thinking
I want you to be concerned.
Get this straight:

I'll take care of that tomorrow.
You don't need to borrow sorrow.
Tomorrow's nothing, to be blunt,
you can shove me where you want...

Tips on tomorrow never pay,
tomorrow you'll regret what you did today,
and soon enough you'll burn for it as well.
So who gives a hoot in Hell?
Shove tomorrow where you want...

When they count my sins in Heaven,
then I'll get to know my luck:
Is it furnace number seven
or a harp for me to pluck?
Is it furnace number seven
or a harp for me to pluck?
When they count my sins in Heaven,
then I'll get to know my luck.
Got that straight?

Like I said, I'll know tomorrow,
I don't need to borrow sorrow,

morgen intressiert mich nicht,
und mit morgen könnt ihr mich...

Ein Rat für morgen ist kein Rat,
jeder bereut morgen, was er heute tat,
jeder verreckt daran früh oder spat.
Doch um wen ist es schon schad?
Und mit morgen könnt ihr mich...

Das lied von der harten Nuß

Wer will einen großen Mann hab'n,
der braucht eine harte Nuß,
weil er einen großen Mann eb'n
mit seiner Nuß aushalten muß.
Denn die Nuß des kleinen Mannes
ist dem Großen ein Genuß,
was der kleine Mann dann eben
mit der Nuß aushalten muß.

Nur da nicht weich werd'n,
um Gotteswillen nicht weich werd'n,
nur immer ruhig 'reingehauen auf die Nuß.
So'n kleiner Mann macht nämlich immer so'n
Theater.

Nur nicht d'rum kümmern, Mann, du bist noch
nicht sein Vater.

Nur jetzt nicht weich werd'n,
um Gotteswillen nicht weich werd'n,
nur keine Noblesse, sondern eine in die Fresse,
immer eine in die Fresse!

tomorrow's nothing to be blunt,
you can shove it where you want...

Tips on tomorrow never pay,
tomorrow you'll regret what you did today,
and soon enough you'll burn for it as well.
So who gives a hoot in Hell?
Shove tomorrow where you want...!

The Song of the Big Shot

If you want to be a big shot
start by learning to be tough,
'cause you'll never hit the jackpot
till you like the going rough.
All the little shots below you
can be blown away like fluff,
if they realise when they know you
that you won't take all their guff.

Just don't get soft, baby,
for God's sake never get soft, baby,
just keep on pounding him right where it hurts
the most.

And if a little shot's big noise should cause a
bother, don't let it get you down, I mean you're
not his father. Just don't get soft, baby, for God's
sake never get soft, baby, no ifs or buts, go on and
kick him in the guts, go on and kick him in the
guts!

(English adaptation by Michael Feingold)